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A FUNNY "SKETCH."

B. Ridges on the Keeley Motor—His Experience at Home and Abroad—The Keeley Motor Tucked in at the End.

From the Kennesaw Gazette.

Knowing that B. Ridges had just returned from a flying trip North, and while there examined the great invention, we sent him a postal card requesting his full opinion of the Keeley Motor, for the benefit of the readers of our paper.—*Ed. Gazette.*

Dear Gazette: Usually I am swaddled in my chinkapin dressing gown, doing duty to my toast and chocolate at the breakfast table, when I read over my morning mail. Yesterday, however, your postal pasteboard came suddenly upon me under entirely different circumstances. Mrs. Ridges, with uncommon eyesight, had observed the surplus flesh leaving my bones as if running away from some unhealthy tax collector, and had recommended early morning exercise. I thought myself that early morning exercise would woo the affrighted flesh back to my hungry bones, and I straightway went about to borrow enough money to purchase a few gymnastic poles, a few dumb-bells and some Indian clubs. When Mrs. R. came across my intentions she solemnly vowed that I should purchase nothing of the sort, and then went out into the back yard, fished out an old axe, so dull that it couldn't cut air without flying off the handle, and then she pointed to a pile of wood that looked like Fort Moultrie when it was made of logs, and told me *there* was exercise that was exercise. Not being in the habit of opposing my wife even in her most trifling wishes, I hung my chinkapin dressing gown on the gate and rolled up my sleeves for a dreadful tussel. The first swing I made, the old axe hopped off the handle into the dining room,

Cutting a gash
In a plate of hash,
And breaking the crockery
All to smash.

Having recaptured the eloping axe, I endeavored to affix it to the handle more securely, by splitting the end of the handle wherein to drive a wedge. In holding the split place open for the insertion of the wedge, my forefinger slipped unawares into the triangular gap, and I was executing a highly interesting jig when my oldest boy rushed around the house with your postal card. At that time I was not in the humor for postal cards. My boy seeing my dilemma, laid the document down and rushed to my rescue. With both hands he pulled the forks wide enough to extricate my finger, but they immediately closed down on his fingers, and he danced several jigs to his own music. I pulled the forks apart, loosened his fingers, but the cussed thing closed down on my fingers. Having been caught once my boy didn't rush to my assistance. I rather think he enjoyed it. I pleaded with him, requested and commanded him to free me, but he couldn't see it. I began to get mad. Every time I swore the forks closed a little tighter. I sent for the cook. She pulled the forks apart and set me free, but she was caught. Having been twice in its close embrace, I concluded she could get freed as best as she might. She reared and pitched considerably, but that old axe handle hung to her. Mrs. Ridges came around the house about this time, knitting on a new lamp mat she intends to send to the heathen, to see how many cords of wood I'd cut in my morning exercise. A harrowing scene met her gaze. There was Charles Waxelbaum (that's my boy) seated on the woodpile grinning like a newly-vaccinated chimpanzee. Maria, the cook, was prancing around the yard singing, "Glory" and "Tom Walker," with both hands stuck fast in the axe handle, and I was calmly seated on the saw-buck reading your card.

My wife was never very beautiful; even in her palmiest days there was a sort of vinegar-factory look about her face that made it look like it was struck by lightning. But on this occasion her ugliness was simply terrific. Her nose went up an inch or so higher, her eyes opened wide enough to see clear over to Europe, and her mouth shut down so sudden and tight that it sent four two-dollar-and-a-half teeth down her throat in astonishment. She took one square glance at me, and then rushed for Maria. In a about two seconds Maria was on her way to finish cooking breakfast, but Mrs. R. was hugging that axe handle as fondly but more vehemently than there was any absolute necessity for.

"Bosphorus!" (Bosphorus is my first story name) "Come here this instant."

"Ma'm," said I, calmly as if nothing had occurred to mar the peaceful sweetness of the morning.

"C-o-m-e h-e-r-e!" she shrieked, and I went. Whenever she talks this way I go to her, even if I have to cross oceans of blood and South America volcanoes with molten lava flowing down their sides, and women and children and insurance agents fleeing to the woods for protection. It's a winning way she has of drawing me to her.

I went to her, of course, and I fiddled around that old handle, but I wasn't going to get my fingers in there again.

"Why don't you get my hand out, you old fool?"

"Well, my dear, if you will only wait a minute I'll—"

"Wait, the mischief! Just look at my fingers—just see how—o-o-ch!"

And when she saw a wee bit of that proud old Higginbothan blood shoot out of one of her fingers, she sat right down in a plate of soft dough put there for the chickens and fainted. The first thing I saw that looked like water was a pot of lye under the ash-hopper, and I doused that in her face!

Geewhilikins! I'll take ten thousand oaths, I'll take forty obligations, I'll take twenty solemn avowals, I'll take—anything—that I did'nt know it was lye in that pot. Anyhow, I threw it over her and opened the forks with a stick of wood. The fingers on her left hand looked like they had been sat down on by a locomotive. All the skin peeled off her face, one eye was put out forever and eternally, but her tongue—oh, you wanted to know what I thought of the Keeley Motor!

I came deuced nigh forgetting all about that. You see forty years ago people would have laughed if you had shown them a sewing machine. Now, my dear sir, they are in use all over the land. The Hottentot, the Feejee Islander, the Chinee, and the South Carolinian find it indispensable. And there's the patent spring mattress. What do you think Adam and Eve would have said to a *spring* mattress? Would that *fall* have happened? Just imagine this gentleman and lady reclining on unmanured ground, a couple of fig leaves for a mosquito net and a bag of sycamore balls for a pillow! What luxury they would have enjoyed upon Dobbs' Patent Elliptic Spring Mattress. Then there is the lightning apple parer. With one of these Eve could have walloped the hide off that apple so quick Adam wouldn't have had time to collect the revenue tax on it.

There is no picture my fertile imagination can conjure up, that can compare with that of Eve making Adam's split-back shirts on a Wheeler & Wilson, running the treadle with one foot, swinging little Abel and Cain in Thompson's Oscillating Cradle with the other, and looking through Cogg's diamond eyeglasses at Adam, who sits in a corner reading an account of a cyclone that swept through Harris county just forty thousand miles away!

But they would have scouted the idea of a railroad winding around Mount Sinia, or a ferry boat crossing the Red Sea! And yet we of this age think nothing of traveling the Kennesaw Route—eating breakfast in Georgia, dinner in Tennessee, supper in Virginia, going to bed in Pennsylvania, and waking up gracious knows where! And just as long as we live these inventions will go on. The Keeley Motor is one of these inventions that is going on.

Just think of it! Eighteen thousand and a half years ago there was no such thing as a ten-pin alley, or a female regulator, or a bed-bug exterminator, or a chewing gum. Since that time we have had patent Asiatic cholera (genuine), small pox and jim jams. People in those days never heard of such things. We think nothing of taking the measles, or the bankrupt act, or the mullygrubs; and those benighted people were not progressive enough to see through a pane of glass or a little game. They never saw a locomotive. They never saw anything run but water, and the water wasn't fast water either. The Keeley Motor can run anything from a saw mill down to running its stockholders into debt. And speaking of running, reminds me that my wife's tongue is a little better this morning, but the eye is gone. In the future she will only go one eye on me. Unless those fingers improve right smartly she will only be able to go one hand on me (thank gracious) for some time to come.

In my opinion the Keeley Motor is by far—my wife is calling me to rub more salve on her face. Poor thing! Her face looks worse than if lightning had struck it *now*. It looks more like her nose had turned volcano, and erupted without giving due notice to the surrounding country. But I am giving her all attention. The doctor's bill is going to be heavy, but then I don't think she will live long, poor thing, I'll have to let Keeley go on with his Motor.

B. RIDGES.

Spend Your Money at Home.

An exchange gives the following ten reasons why people should spend their money at home. They are so forcible and well put that we cannot refrain from presenting them to our readers, hoping that they will give them the consideration which they deserve:

1st. It is your home; you cannot improve it much by taking money away to spend or invest.

2d. There is no way of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools, and good people to settle among you, and this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home.

3d. Spend your money at home, because there is where you generally get it. It is your duty.

4th Spend your money at home, because when it is necessary for you to get credit, it is of your town merchants you have generally to get it, and they must wait for the money. Therefore, when you have the cash in hand spend it at home.

5th. Spend your money at home. It will make better merchants of your merchants; they can and will keep better assortments and sell at lower rates than if the only business they can do is what is credited out, while the money goes to other places.

6th. Spend your money at home. You may have sons growing up who will some day be the best merchants in town. Help lay the foundations of them now. It is a duty. It may be your pride in after years to say: "By my trading at the store I got my son a position as clerk, and now he is a proprietor." Then you will think it hard if your neighbors spend their money out of town. Set the example now.

7th. Spend your money at home. Set the example now. Buy your dry goods, groceries, meats and everything at home, and you will see a wonderful change in a short time in the business outlook of the place; therefore, deal with your home merchants.

8th. Spend your money at home. What do you gain by going off? Count the cost; see what you could have done at home by letting your merchant have the cash. Strike a balance and see if you would not have been just as well off, besides helping your merchant.

9th. Spend your money at home. Your merchants are your neighbors, your friends; they stand by you in sickness—are your associates; without your trade they cannot keep your business. No stores, then no banks, no one wanting to buy property to settle on and build up your place.

10th. Merchants should do their advertising at home. They should get their bill-heads, circulars, cards, letter-heads, envelopes, and all their printing at home, of their own newspaper, who aid them in many ways, and advertise them hundreds of times without any pay whatever. Merchants should set an example to their customers by patronizing liberally their home newspapers. Men and women are imitative animals, and are prone to follow examples set them. How can merchants expect their neighbors to trade with them if they set the example of going away from home for their printing and advertising? Let merchants and people all patronize home enterprise, and home industry and home trade. So shall they all be prosperous and happy.

— Danbury has the champion patient boy. He went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I havn't anything but sweet milk," said the woman pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Arrival of Statue at Richmond—Its Reception by the Virginia Military—Great Enthusiasm Manifested by the Inhabitants—The Unveiling to take place in October.

RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 29, 1875.

The uppermost and most interesting topic to the Virginians now is the statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, the work of the great sculptor Foley, and the gift of a distinguished Englishman to Virginia, which arrived here last night on a Baltimore steamer.

As a work of art, those who by profession are enabled to criticise it and judge of it *ex cathedra* pronounce it worthy of the artist and of the illustrious subject. When the great soldier fell, in the hour of his glory, the heart of Christendom thrilled with pain; and even the Union army, who most sorely felt his power, in the midst of relief dropped a tear to the hero. His name, a token of strength to his friends and of terror to his foes, had become a household word wherever chivalric heroism could find an admirer, and "Stonewall" Jackson in his best blood cemented his claim to immortality. Virginia is proud of her illustrious sons; and to none does she point with more satisfaction than to "Stonewall" Jackson, the right arm of her still more illustrious Lee. With the deepest sensibility did she observe that across the deep blue waters it had moved the hearts of Englishmen to testify their appreciation of the dead soldier as well as their sympathy with her in the adversity of the struggle in which he had laid down his life, and with the profoundest emotion has she signified her acceptance of their tribute to him and to her—honorable to the donors and most grateful to the recipient. Hon. Beresford Hope, M. P., with a number of other illustrious Englishmen, when the sad news of Jackson's death reached the British shore charged the most distinguished of England's statuaries—Foley—with the task of producing the representation of the living hero in a form as lasting as time. Right well has that task been performed, and the universal sentiment of the officers and soldiers of the great lieutenant, who have had opportunities of examination is, that the artist has presented to the world Jackson as he was seen and known by them.

The statue will be placed on the north side of the Capitol, midway between that gem of art, Washington's monument, and the Executive Mansion, and on the 26th day of October next it will be inaugurated in all due form and ceremony, under the auspices of Gov. Kemper and other distinguished soldiers, comrades of Jackson. The details of the programme have not yet been announced, and probably will not be for some time to come. The important point, however, of a selection of the orator, has been performed in the choice of the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian divines and effective orators in the country. It would have been a difficult task to have obtained an orator in all respects so adapted to the occasion, or who would have given more universal satisfaction to the people of Virginia, or whose effort would be more acceptable to the general public. The distinguished soldier, the present Chief Magistrate of the State, will take care that there shall be nothing wanting to afford the greatest *eclat* to the "pomp and circumstances" of the event never equalled before in this State, unless it was when a mourning people left "the hero in his glory." October is the grand month in Virginia,

When the silver habits of the clouds
Come down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

And it is the season when the pride and glory of the State, her old men and women, her young men and maidens, make their annual pilgrimage to her capital, and around the altars of Ceres pledge anew their fealty to "their altars and their sires." The last week in the month is the Agricultural Fair week, and if strangers desire to see Virginians as they are, let them come down then to view the land. In former years the influx of strangers to this city during the fair week has been variously estimated from 10,000 to 20,000. But this year it will be hard to make even a wild conjecture as to the numbers who will congregate here during the agricultural week.

A little more than seventeen years ago, on the 22nd of February, 1858, during a storm of snow and sleet, the statue of Washington was unveiled amid the shouts of 20,000 voices. The great Virginia statesman, R. M. T. Hunter, was the orator of the day, and Henry A. Wise, the fiery tribune of the people, was the Governor of Virginia; and now, under an October sun, the people of this renowned Commonwealth again will assemble to do honor to another of her braves who have illustrated her fame on a hundred battle fields. The farmer will leave his hoe, the housewife her distaff, the merchant his books, the mechanic his bench, and as the Jews of old went up to Jerusalem, so will all, both young and old, both great and small, both poor and rich, congregate in one great ovation to him who gave up his life in the great effort for the cause he believed to be right. The Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Druids, the Red Men, the Pythians, all the civic societies and the military from all portions of the State, especially the old Stonewall brigade and the cadets from the Military Institute at Lexington, where Jackson was a professor, will swell the pageant.

It is, I hear, to be a strictly family affair, as it is to be a gathering of Virginians to do honor to a Virginian. To the donors the hospitality of the State has been tendered, and a like compliment will be paid to the widow and only child of Jackson. Beyond these no special invitation will be extended to citizens of other States, though a hearty welcome will be afforded to "all of every land and tongue" who may be inclined to join in paying tribute to the distinguished dead. No people hold in deeper affection the memories of her heroes than do the people of Virginia, and nothing but the financial distress that has covered this State since the war as with a pall has prevented its display in monuments, statuary, mausoleums and inscriptions. As material improvement shall mark the future it may be expected that the Capitoline Hill will be studded with tributes to the heroes of the war between the States. A recumbent figure of Lee, a work of great merit by Edward S. Valentine, the Virginia sculptor, marks his resting place in the university chapel at Lexington, over which a mausoleum rapidly approaches completion, when inauguration ceremonies appropriate to the occasion will follow.

The city of Richmond has promised a statue to Stuart, the great Southern cavalryman; the friends of A. P. Hill, Jackson's dashing lieutenant; of Pickett, whose name is ever to be linked with Gettysburg, and of others, have in contemplation like honors. I understand that advantage will be taken of the inauguration of Jackson's statue for initial steps toward the erection of an equestrian statue of Lee in this city.—*New York Herald.*

Running a Newspaper

By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper, and if they buy a copy of the newsboy, when too far from the office to come and beg one, they are regular patrons and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at newspaper offices to get a copy of the daily paper, just from the press, for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry goods store, or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old acquaintance, having bought something once before. One paper is not much, but a hundred a day amounts to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriages, and funeral notices, obituaries and family episodes, for the next forty years, gratis. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes; but you receive the worth of your money for what you pay." "But," says the patron, "it will not cost you anything to put this in," which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your ax on his grindstone and graciously tell him it won't cost him a cent. It takes money to run a newspaper as any other business; no paper will succeed financially that carries a dead head system. Any mention of the people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for; and when printed is generally worth as much as any other investment of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors and reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery. The life has its charms and pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxieties and hours of exhaustion, which also are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease and free from care and go to the circus at night on a free ticket, and to the springs on a free pass in the summer, is an idea which we desire to explode particularly and theoretically. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Boys at Home and Abroad.

There is nothing that cultivates a boy so rapidly, and in so satisfactory a direction, as being able to put into writing anything he wants to say. The inscription so oddly composed, so phonetically spelled, which adorns the fly leaf of the Tennyson presented last birthday to his mother, the first lisping numbers in which mine rhymes to Valentine, the magnilloquent prose epitaph on a dog or canary bird loved and lost—all such things may be utterly ridiculous, and may bring a blush in after years to the downy cheek, but the time devoted to their composition was not thrown away. It is very desirable that when a boy goes to school, writing home should present no difficulties. A few lines in pencil to tell how he has gained a place in his class, or had a splendid paper-hunt, the power of easily replying to a little sister's letter will keep up the close ties of home which ought not to be undervalued. We have known educated gentlemen who would rather walk a mile to answer a letter than to write half-a-dozen lines. The strange compositions that may often be seen in the newspapers with respectable names attached to them show how very useful a little early education and practice in letter-writing would be to public men. A little practical knowledge of arithmetic also is very easily acquired. The first three rules can be taught by a few pieces of paper torn up and made into sums, so as to give the pupil something more than an abstract idea of what figures mean. Many young men get into debt because they have never been accustomed to manage an allowance; everything has been paid for them. The number of pence in a shilling, of shillings in a pound, is not to be acquired by learning tables, but by spending money and keeping an account of it. The boy who is accustomed to provide himself with certain articles out of a fixed sum will, by the time he is grown up, have an idea of what things cost. A regular allowance can scarcely be begun too soon. Parents might, perhaps, confide to their eldest children the actual state of their finances more frequently than they do. They would often be rewarded for their confidence by a sense of chivalry among the boys, preventing them from spending at college more than was necessary. The lads would be ashamed to encroach, as they have so often done, on the slender portions laid by for their sisters. In families not engaged in business there is no possible reason why the children should not know a good deal about income and expenditure. A profound mystery is generally made of the subject. The consequence is that the young people think their father is a sponge full of gold-dust, out of whom as much money as possible is to be squeezed.—*The Saturday Review.*

— To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

A Thrilling Railway Incident in Germany.

A European correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells this touching story in a pleasant way:

It was a third-class carriage. She was a pleasant-faced young woman, going, I think, for the first time after her marriage, to visit her parents in her old home, to show them their two fine grandchildren. At least, this was the little history I built up for her in my own brain from a word or two that I heard between her and her young husband at the station, as he put her into the carriage with an affectionate farewell. I always watch with great interest the farewell and greetings of my fellow-travellers, and have a fashion of thinking out for myself the whole story of their previous lives from the little hints that I get in this way. It is to me as if I were permitted to open the second volume of an interesting romance, and allowed to read only one short scene in this, and asked to guess as nearly as possible from this one scene the previous course of the story and the characters of the actors in it.

The youngest child was an infant of about three or four months old—very quiet and good; the other was a pretty, restless little girl of three, who could not be still a single moment, and kept the careful mother busy by her questions and wants and childish prattle. She was not at all bashful, and soon talked to us also in such a natural, coquettish, condescending way that we were quite in love with the charming little lassie, and begged her mother not to check her innocent advances to us.

When we had been travelling together for two or three hours, and began to feel quite like old acquaintances, while the train was going at full speed, the mother half rose from her seat to place the little girl, who had left her glace again, on the opposite seat. How it happened I have never understood, it was one of those accidents which seem impossible, and, in fact, only happen once in hundred thousand times; but just as she stood half erect, holding her sleeping babe upon one arm and her little frolicsome maiden somewhat awkwardly on the other, the little girl made one of her sudden, quick movements, and in an instant she was gone from our eyes.

What a moment! The poor mother stood fixed and rigid in exactly the same attitude, her arms still bent as though around her child, gazing with wide open, fixed eyes at the place whence she vanished. She seemed literally, suddenly turned to stone; with the rest of us the case was almost the same. How long this lasted I do not know; doubtless it seemed to us much longer than it really was. Then the young mother seemed to come to herself, and made a sudden movement as if she would spring through the window after her vanished darling, now far away. I caught her quickly fast and held her while the kind young lady who sat opposite to me took the baby from her arms, and we all began to talk together, no one listening to the other, about what was to be done for her. Somehow we managed in our excitement to do all that was possible; the guard came, the train was stopped, and the mother, without speaking to one of us, or even looking at us, left the train, supporting herself on the arm of the sympathizing guard, while he held the sleeping baby fast in the other.

Of course the train must go with increased speed to make up for the moment of delay, so there was no chance for us to see more of the poor bereaved mother. "Telegraph to us at next station," said one of the railroad functionaries to the guard. "Yes, yes, to be sure to do it immediately," cried a dozen voices; for in some mysterious way the news of the accident had run through the train as if by electricity, and a long row of sympathizing faces watched from the carriage the disappearing of the mother and the guard.

It will take her half an hour to reach the spot, and it is just thirty-five minutes now to the next station," said the stout gentleman in the corner, taking out his watch and holding it open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. He had struck me as one of the most selfish and disagreeable old gentlemen possible; scarcely answering a polite question from a neighbor, and then in the shortest and gruffest manner possible; he had seemed completely absorbed by his newspaper and his snuff-box, not having noticed the little fairy in any way except to glance at her now and then with a savage expression as her clear, childish laugh had disturbed his reading. Now his whole soul seemed to be fixed on the watch before him, and he "chided the tardy flight of time" again and again in words more forcible than ornamental.

There was a young would-be dandy in one corner; light, straw colored gloves, a slender cane, an infant moustache, and an eyeglass stuck in one eye, seemed to be in his opinion, tokens of vast superiority over the other travellers; and spoke very little, except occasionally to make some supercilious remark or ask some question about third-class travelling, apparently to produce on us the impression that he was a young nobleman or prince, perhaps, in disguise, seeing for himself how ordinary mortals fared. What a change had come over him now; the eyeglass hung dangling hither, and thither; with the kid gloves, of which he had been so dainty, he had grasped the dusty facing of the door, and was straining his gaze, first backward, until the poor mother was no longer to be seen, and then forward to the next station, where news was to meet us.

Now at last we are there; the train halts, and one of the guards runs quickly into the little office over which "Telegraph" is painted. Everybody who can possibly get his or her head out of the window on that side thrusts it out. There is a moment of intense suspense; here comes the guard with a dispatch in his hand; he stands about midway between the ends of the train, and begins to read it out in his clear, loud, official tones: "Child perfectly sound; alighted on a pile of straw in a field, not two feet from a stone wall."

Then what a scene! Every man at the train windows has his hat off in a moment, and is waving it and cheering as if he would split his throat; every woman is buried in her pocket-handkerchief, crying and laughing together. The stout old egotist and the vain young dandy have thrown their arms around each other, and are embracing with that heartiness that belong to the sons of the Vaterland, although they never met before this morning. The stiff old maid in the corner has shaken my hands in both her own so many times that I [illegible] they are quite sore.

All the inhabitants of the little village come running around the train: "What is it? Where is he? Is it the Kaiser himself, or is it the Kronprinz?" they ask in bewildered excitement at the sight of ours.

But all the Kaisers and Kronprinces in Europe put together could not have aroused the flood of feeling that surged through that train. It was sympathy with a sentiment far older than loyalty—older than the King to whom loyalty is due—which was stirring every heart; it was sympathy with a mother's love!

Value of the Oat Crop.

Editor Southern Cultivator: Why farmers—practical farmers—can't see the importance of producing more grain (particularly more oats) I can't conceive. The oat crop is a very profitable one, where the cost of production is taken into consideration. If sown at the proper time, (which is in my opinion from the 25th of August to the 25th of October,) it will make more feed than corn planted and cultivated in the usual way, at less than one-half the expense; and I consider the red rust proof oat a surer crop in this latitude than corn. Would not advise the cultivation of oats to the exclusion of corn, but every farmer should produce a sufficient quantity to feed his stock at least six months out of twelve. (It is preferable to feed oats and corn alternately, as stock relish a change of diet as much as man—in fact it is indispensable to health and thrift.) This would enable the farmer to dispense with one-fourth of his plough stock, the oat crop being put in at a time when teams and hands are not engaged particularly with other farm work. The most casual observer who has any experience in farm management, will readily see the amount of labor saved by dispensing with one-fourth of the stock and labor, without any elaborate calculation to demonstrate it, but a few figures will make my statement more clear to the inexperienced.

For example: Suppose you have eight head of mules and cultivate 200 acres in corn and cotton—you can, by planting 50 acres in corn, and 60 in oats, save the feed and wear of two mules at $115.00 each, $230,00—wages and board of two hands $150.00 each, $300.00: total amount saved $530.00. This would be a nice little income, if nothing more was saved. But the $530.00 is not all that is saved or gained by this change. The land is very much improved—first, because it is protected from heavy washing rains that are sure to come some time during the year; second, a large amount of vegetable matter is returned to the soil, which is indispensable to successful cropping; third, a crop of peas can be grown by sowing broad-cast after the oats are taken off, which is (under favorable circumstances) worth almost or quite as much as the oat crop. This gives two crops, and leaves the land much better at the end of each year.

By following oats with peas, land may be sowed for a series of years in succession, with a gradual improvement in the yield, the peas acting as a fertilizer to the oats.

By pursuing the above mentioned plan, remunerative crops can be raised, and a large deposit made in old mother earth's bank, which can be drawn on with the assurance that our drafts will be honored.

P.

Unionville, S. C.

POLITICS IN JOURNALISM.—Mr. Hardy Solomon has explained to a reporter of the Columbia *Register* what was the "pecuniary" and "valuable consideration" mentioned in the Dunn-Cardozo correspondence, in connection with the transfer of Solomon's interest in the Columbia *Union-Herald* to treasurer Cardozo. The substance of this explanation is as follows:

Last fall, after the removal of County Treasurer Neagle, Cardozo stated to Mr. Solomon that Neagle's accounts were backward, and a settlement was to be forced. He suggested to Solomon that he purchase a large amount of consolidation bonds held by Neagle, and which would necessarily be offered at a sacrifice. Solomon not having the money wherewith to purchase, the following plan was suggested by the Treasurer and adopted: The former was to buy these bonds of Neagle and place the cash to his credit in the bank. Neagle was then to give Cardozo a check on the Bank and Trust Company, which was to be deposited to the State's credit, and no money thus be drawn out. Last January these bonds—purchased of Neagle by Solomon—had advanced in value to fifty cents, at which figure they were sold, and $6,000 profit realized. Half of this sum was pressed upon Cardozo by Mr. Solomon as his share; but in acknowledgment of several favors rendered the treasury by Solomon, the former insisted on relinquishing all claim to the profits. In the meantime, however, Cardozo was trying hard to have the State deposits removed from Solomon's Bank without his knowledge, and in this fact, on his discovering it, Mr. Solomon readily saw the reason for the Treasurer's disinterested generosity. In his defence against impeachment, Mr. Cardozo used every effort to break down the bank, and have the State funds removed. These deposits, amounting at that time to $187,000, were soon after reduced to $160,000. Mr. Solomon called on Governor Chamberlain, and urged the necessity for his bank holding at least $200,000, and was referred to Mr. Dunn and the Treasurer.—The latter, on being sought, received Mr. Solomon quite cordially—this being their first meeting since the disagreeable relations existed between them. In the course of conversation Cardozo, referring to the Neagle bonds transaction, detailed the expenses incident to his defence on the impeachment trial. He said that the State deposits in Solomon's Bank would be increased, as desired to $200,000, and asked that Mr. Solomon transfer to him his interest in the *Union-Herald*, which transfer, Cardoza said, would make everything square between them. This was done in April last, during which month the deposits were increased, after which Mr. Solomon signed the transfer.

— The New York *Tribune*, in noticing that such riots as have afflicted Mississippi are unknown in Virginia, North Carolina and several other States, says it is because these States are out of the hands of the men who steal the very land from under the plow of the planter and whose petty oppression lashes people into desperation. Governor Ames has sown the wind and is reaping the whirlwind. This hits the nail pretty squarely upon the head.

Stick to the Farm.

We have never known so great and all-pervading a disposition to quit the farm and flock to the centres of trade as is now exhibiting itself among our rural population. Hardly a young man of promise in our whole acquaintance, among the sons of farmers, but has already found, or is seeking employment in the city, or is preparing himself to engage in the practice of one of the so-called learned professions. Why so called we cannot for the life of us understand. Certainly, it is not because all who engage in the practice are learned; by no means, for some of the veriest dolts we have ever known were preachers, lawyers or doctors; and one of the most finished specimens of this class practiced all three professions. Well, if not, it certainly cannot be that it is because it requires more real knowledge to practice any other profession than it does in the practice of the agricultural or horticultural profession, if pursued understandingly.

Indeed, we do not think we are wrong when we say that it requires more mental acumen, more thought, more judgment and practical skill to farm successfully and give understandingly the reasons for everything you do, than it does to apply the rules of Blackstone or to follow in the professional steps of Esculapius. It cannot be that it is less important that farming should be successfully carried on, than either trade, law or physic should be successful. What is it then? It is simply because there is, first, a widespread idea, even among intelligent farmers themselves, that farm labor is degrading; that farming, as a profession, is beneath the other professions in respectability. And secondly, because there is an erroneous idea abroad with reference to the comparative profits arising from the practice of the different professions. We will admit at once that a larger number of large fortunes are made in the mercantile profession than perhaps in any other; yet there is also a much larger number who fail disastrously. Farming, if pursued with energy and skill, will beyond all peradventure yield a comfortable livelihood; and if intelligence, skill and energy are applied, will give, before the noonday of life is reached, a competence which will insure a comfortable old age.

In the successful practice of either of the other professions, most of the details rest upon the individual; and, consequently, as practice increases, and they begin in old age to reap the fruit of the study and toil of their youth, the burdens will have accumulated instead of diminishing, and increasing success only brings increase of labor and care. A merchant, a lawyer, a physician or preacher, can never rest without retiring from his profession—the successful farmer can.

But we wish to bring the matter more closely home to our own young men. Lands in the South are selling exceedingly cheap—far below their intrinsic value. The professions are already over-crowded. There never was, and we verily believe there never will be again, such an opening as there now is for profitable investment; and, by the exercise of skill and industry, such assured success.

The great staples of Virginia and the South are in demand throughout the world. No country can successfully compete with us in their production. Though we were to produce double the quantities we now do, if placed in the market in nice order, they would still bring renumerating prices. This is not all. Our cities and towns, and, in many instances, our farmers themselves, and their stock, are fed by the produce of northwestern fields and pastures. This should not be. The thousands of acres of idle lands now lying fallow for the want of cultivators, could be made to produce all the bread, meat, butter, cheese, &c., that would be necessary to feed our entire populations, and leave millions of surplus for export to foreign countries. If what we have written is true, and we are thoroughly convinced that it is, then the young men of the South owe it to themselves and to their country to cease running after soft places and so-called honorable positions, and apply their whole energies, mental and physical, to the great work of advancing the material interest of their country.—*Religious Herald.*

GOV. CHAMBERLAIN'S BAD LUCK.—Is it not strange that some unlucky accident befals every financial board upon which Gov. Chamberlain is placed? We are all acquainted with his misfortunes before he became governor. Since his elevation to this high dignity, he has met with another piece of bad luck. His was the casting vote which placed the deposit in Solomon's bank. And when the bank fails he pleads ignorance of its condition, expresses sorrow that he was a victim of misplaced confidence, and demands that the public excuse him. And thus far for some reason he has escaped all blame.—Now if the assertions of the Treasurer be true Gov. Chamberlain is as culpable as Comptroller Dunn. If an investigation of the condition of the bank was demanded by Cardozo before the deposit was made, it was the bounden duty of the Governor to vote for this resolution, and to institute the most searching scrutiny. He owed this to the people, and he owed it to himself; for he had discovered in his past career that even a mistake in a public official is an offence.

The only defence the Governor can make is to deny the warning of the Treasurer. He has declared that he knew nothing of the instability of the bank, and this declaration was accepted, before the appearance of Cardozo's letter. This letter demands a further response from the Governor.

We have always taken the position that as long as Mr. Chamberlain makes a good Governor his past record should be held in abeyance. But when we see heavy losses to the State occurring now, through the negligence or venality of the financial board, of which Governor Chamberlain is a member, similar to those that disgraced the State in the days when Attorney-General Chamberlain was a member of the board, we must say that forbearance ceases to be a virtue and we must require of the Governor the same explanation as is demanded from the other members.—*Fairfield Herald.*

— Equality does not mean that each should have the same amount of property as every other, nor that all should have the same calling. To demand this would be as if we asked that the earth should be all hill or all valley. Equality means that all shall be equally protected in their rights, and have the opportunity to rise by industry and well doing, according to their several ability.